

Kany García

"Welcome Back"

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[Chorus 2X: Ma\$e] + (Kanye West)
See I know what you all like
That's why it's goin' to be alright
Everything is all night
(See what my face felt, know how Ma\$e felt, c'mon her
ya John Legend)
Harlem back be alright, Fo' Reel be alright, Ma\$e is
back be alright

[Kanye]
Ma\$e said c'mon, Mike said chamone
Started it up early up like Ravon Simone
Keisha Knight-Pull and Emanuel
Drop out of school wit no manual
Nottin' hand a dude, did I complain
Everytime magazines try to take my name
But ya'll can't hold me down like a restrain
I took the T out the word can't
'round same time when Nas said I can
Bush sendin' our fam to Iran
I'm in the club with a henny ass in my other hand
Lord please just forgive me I'm just a man
Right now I'm trying to make some adjustments
Before do me like Janet to just and them
Me and my couz and them
Trying to rap like bust and and them
My clothes were bust than a bummy
I neva, eva accept money from these so call sponsors
They were in Benz and I in Hondas
Now I wonder why they all actin like Anada
Ummmâ€¦.yea... that something to ponder
The money I make for donda
That's west to you, you the next
I holdin my breath for you
What you need to do is turn up some decibels
You need to put dome of them zero in front of them
decimals

[Chorus]

[Ma\$e]

Arm frozen arm, dorn on so in nawn
Maseratti, Bugatti, the Rolls and all
Different color louie open toes and all
I try to tell the chick do exposed it all
Country dudes mouth full gold and all
Bay area chick, cornrows and all
I do it right, I do my wife
Leave the hoes for all of ya
From the boutique, I might close the mall
I drink my Geico and turn it Gecko
I waive Rol-ey, you waive Seiko, need say mo'
More diamond than Lisa Ray
I know the recipica, I'm the DNA
'gree school, leave you like hurricane
Somebody get kill, the whole barrow bling
M.A. dollar that's a theoral name
No matter who comes
I'm forever the king
I should neva left the game, what a cutie said
Still trick blowing my up like newly wed
I'm grown and sexy, young groupie head
Milk white panther seat, woupie red
I drop my cars in pairs like pitty pat
When I'm done with this track, feel like biggie back
The game is country
I came to bring the city back
I came, I came to bring the city back

[Chorus]

[Outro: Ma\$e]

Fo Reel put your hands up
Good Music put your hands up
Bad Boy put your hans up
Rocafella put your hands up
Chi-town put your hands up
NY put your hands up
Miami put your hands up
Texas put hands up

{*keep going until song fades*}

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